

The Massillon Independent.

WHOLE NO 1128

MASSILLON, OHIO, AUGUST 10, 1893

XXXII—NO. 18.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, State Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office, second floor over Randolph's jewelry store, South Elm street, to Massillon, O. Will give special attention to all business connected with his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad, Block, Dealer in necessary notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States.

P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio. Mr. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. Sub-subsidary Capital, \$1,000,000. President, C. Stasey Cashier.

DRUGISTS.

Z. T. BALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy Articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House, Massillon, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. W. H. KIKKUND, Homeopathic Practitioner, Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Self-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, &c.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Jos. Conrad & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufacturer of Green Glass, Green Glass Hollow Ware, Bee Boxes, Flasks, &c.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO., manufacturer of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

GROCERIES.

D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1832. Forwarding and Commission Merchant, and dealer in all kinds of Country Products. Ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

JEWELERS.

C. F. VON KANEL, East Side Jewelry Store, Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc., No. 5 South Erie street.

Traveler's Register

Trains leave and depart on Standard Time, minutes below than city time.

CLEVELAND, LOBAIN & WHEELING.

—SOUTH.

No. 41 (goes to Bellair).....6:30 a. m.

No. 39 (goes to Whiting).....8:35 a. m.

No. 37 (goes to Ulrichsville).....7:50 a. m.

NORTH.

No. 34.....6:55 a. m.

No. 36.....8:27 a. m.

No. 38.....8:25 p. m.

No. 42 arrives at.....7:30 a. m.

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE, GOING TOWARD TOLEDO.

No. 4.....8:25 a. m.

No. 3 (stops here).....12:20 p. m.

No. 5 (daily, stops here).....1:31 p. m.

No. 10.....4:30 p. m.

No. 12 (Sunday only).....10:30 a. m.

GOING TOWARD WHEELING.

No. 1 (daily).....6:15 a. m.

No. 3 (stops here).....11:18 a. m.

No. 5.....1:35 p. m.

No. 7 (Sunday only).....2:25 p. m.

No. 12 (Sunday only).....4:30 p. m.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS.

M. VERNON & PAUL HARDER, BOSTON, MASS.

—NORTH.

No. 25, Exp. 4:49 a. m. No. 2 Exp. 11:18 a. m.

No. 27 Exp. 4:45 a. m. " 38 Exp. 8:37 p. m.

" 5, Exp. 8:39 p. m. " 28 Exp. 4:42 p. m.

" 7, Exp. 8:22 p. m. " 29 Exp. 4:47 p. m.

Train 5, 6, 7, Express leaves Cleveland, arriving at Akron at 5:30 p. m., in direct connection with P. F. W. & C. Co. for Wooster Shreve and all points west.

Train 27, 28, 29 are 3 runs daily, and 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836,

NOT A CENT FOR TRIBUTE

THE ADVENTURES OF THE MYSTERIOUS MRS. HOLMES.

Dr. McGhie in Self Defense Relates the Details of What He Regards as an Attempt to Levy Backhand Upon Him Through His Son-in-law.

A young woman who registered at the Saier as "Mrs. C. B. Holmes," arrived in Massillon Tuesday night and disappeared the following morning, but not before bringing trouble and grief to a most worthy family, who, in justice to themselves, feel that the exact facts should be given to the public. It will be recalled that a few months ago the marriage of Miss Minnie McGhie, the eldest and accomplished daughter of Dr. J. L. McGhie, a leader in church work and in all respects a more than estimable young woman, to N. H. Holmes, was duly solemnized. Mr. Holmes is a native of Hopedale, O., is employed by J. M. Walker, and is a brother of William Holmes of the Geological Survey, employed by the government at a salary of \$8,000 per annum. The young couple live with Dr. and Mrs. McGhie, in West Main street, and it was to their residence that "Mrs. C. B. Holmes" directed her carriage before establishing herself at the hotel.

The strange woman inquired for Mr. Holmes, who was out, and without giving any information beyond the idea that it was of the highest importance that she should see Mr. Holmes, she went to the Saier and registered. It took but a little while for Dr. McGhie to ascertain that this person was one Ora McFadden, of Hopedale, and that she had written his son-in-law's name on the register. Furthermore she pretended to be Mr. Holmes's legally wedded wife, with a claim prior to that of the doctor's daughter. The son-in-law denied the woman's charge, insisting that she was but an acquaintance whom he had known since childhood, perhaps not wisely, but with no wrongful intent. Armed with this knowledge, and with Dr. Groff, whom he asked to accompany him as a witness, Dr. McGhie promptly returned this young woman's call, and what followed is best told in the dialogue as furnished for publication by Dr. McGhie:

"So you claim to be my son-in-law's wife?" questioned the doctor.

"I do. We were married at Pittsburg."

"Who married you?"

"I don't remember."

"When were you married?"

"I don't remember that."

"Have you any papers?"

"No. I have some letters though."

"Now look here," said the doctor, "you never was married to Holmes, and you know it."

The rapid fire of questions, so Dr. McGhie says, confused the woman, who, in reply to his last question, said:

"Maybe I am mistaken."

"Why, of course you are mistaken," retorted the doctor, whose feelings were far from unruffled, "and now what do you want, and what have you done this for?"

"Well, he promised me some money. I am in trouble."

"Is Holmes the only man you know? Now answer up! Don't you know of any other men?"

"Yes, maybe two or three others. I can't tell."

"Did Holmes ever promise to marry you?"

"I disremember."

"How did you happen to come up here?"

"I was advised to come."

"Who advised you?"

"I don't like to tell."

"What do you want?"

"I want him to give me some money."

About this time the doctor became wrathful, and laying his forefinger impotently upon the palm of the other hand he said:

"I haven't any money to spend on anything of this kind, and I think you had better go home or I'll have you locked up for signing your name as you did."

The alleged Mrs. Holmes was considerably disturbed at this, and meekly answered, "I guess maybe I am wrong. If there was a train I'd go home this evening. I'll go right home on the first train in the morning. I'll let Holmes go."

"Now that sounds better," said the doctor, concluding the interview. "The quicker you go the better. I'm not going to spend one dollar on such as you."

The next morning the self-styled Mrs. Holmes departed without ceremony, and left nothing but a scandalous story, to distress the family from whom she attempted to extort money, and who, in order to place themselves right, furnish the information here given. "I don't want to wrong anyone," said Dr. McGhie, in further explanation, "but I believe that this woman wanted to collect blackmail from me, through my son-in-law, and not only that, she has cruelly wounded us all, by spreading about a tale which I believe has no foundation in fact, beyond the indiscretion of youth, which, if all were told could be easily understood."

A dispatch addressed to Miss McFadden at Hopedale, inquiring as to her share in this transaction, could not be delivered by the telegraph company, as there was no office at that point.

The Pennsylvania.

The established rate over the Pennsylvania road to Chicago and return from this city, for the month of August, is \$12.50. This ticket entitles passengers to Pullman and sleeping car privileges.

The train leaving Massillon at 11:02 a. m. arrives in Chicago at 9:30 p. m. The great Columbian Express, which leaves here at 11:45 p. m., arrives in Chicago at 8:15 a. m., and the train leaving at 5:10 p. m. arrives at 6:25 a. m. Any information desired will be gladly given by Agent Shoemaker.

The standard blood purifier, strength builder and nerve helper is Hood's Sarcelle. Inset upon Hood's, because Hood's cures.

NEW YORK'S NEW BATTERY.

German and Wilson, Late Stars of the Southern League.

For some time at the New York club has seemed dead, in need of something. The club managers have finally presented a new battery, and it is being taken with fairly good results. The new catcher is Harry Wilson, and the pitcher is Lester P. German. Wilson is a big son with the young man who plays well in any position.



L. P. GERMAN, PARK WILSON.

And is a veritable stone wall behind the bat. Wilson played in the Western league in 1880 and 1891, joining the Oakland team of the California league last year. He and German have been inseparable ever since. He does not carry an ounce of superfluous flesh and weighs 180 pounds.

German comes from Aberdeen, a little town in Maryland. He is about 29 years of age and weighs 165 pounds in and out of season, for he keeps himself in condition all the time. He is an all around sportsman and an excellent shot with rifle, revolver and shotgun. German began his career as a pitcher for the Baltimore club several years ago, but the Oriole management did not recognize his ability, and he drifted to the Buffalo club. His work as a pitcher did much to win the championship for the Bisons, while he led his club in hitting.

The young pitcher next joined the Oak Island team of the California league and did excellent work in the glorious climate of California. Last spring he and Wilson joined the Augusta team of the Southern league and their work was by far the best seen in the south this year. German fields his position well, and he is also a batsman and a clever base runner. He has speed and control, and he can curve a ball with a skill rivaling that of Amos Rusie. He will continue to improve as he learns the weaknesses of the League batsmen.

THE BLIND YACHT BUILDER.

John B. Herreshoff, the Famous Designer, and His Wonderful Work.

John B. Herreshoff, one of the most successful designers of yachts in the world, is blind. There is wonderful intelligence in his hands, however, and in a very few years the blind designer's yachts have become famous the world over. One of the last yachts to leave the Herreshoff shipyards at Bristol, R. I., was the Vigilant, built to defend the America's cup against Lord Dunraven's challenging yacht Valkyrie.

John B. Herreshoff's touch is so acute that he can tell all about a yacht and her probable speed by simply running his hands along her hull. He also steers a yacht with remarkable skill, rows a boat as well as the best sailor and does a great deal of the actual work of building a boat, despite his lack of sight. He walks about a yacht as freely and fearlessly as any man and is so little handicapped by his affliction that strangers have no idea that he is blind. John B. Herreshoff is not entitled to all the credit for building such fast yachts as the Gloriana and the Vigilant, for his brother, Nat G. Herreshoff, is also possessed of numerous original ideas. The brothers compose a team of yacht builders that is hard to beat. Whether their Vigilant will oppose Dunraven's Valkyrie will depend upon the result of her trials against the three other proposed cup defenders. If she defeats them, she will be selected to sail against the challenger.

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

Blanche Marsden is at Glen Head, N. Y., writing the last act of a new comedy for Roland Reed.

Emma Vaders has sent word to Thomas W. Keene that she has recovered from her recent alleged fit of insanity and will be ready to work in September.

Wilton Lackaye will star next season in a play called "The Prodigal."

Nette de Courcy will be the soubrette of "The Ivy Leaf," of which her husband, Joseph Barnett, will be the manager.

Miss Katherine Germaine has signed a contract with Manager Rudolph Aronson to sing in "The Ringers of Syria."

Third Baseman Parrott of Chicago.

Although the Chicago club already had one Parrott, its officials were much put out recently because they could not see an other. Tom Parrott was lost to them, but Walter E. Parrott is still guarding the third bag with his usual skill. Parrott is an Oregon boy and was born at Portland 22 years ago. He became a star amateur player early in his teens, and in 1890 his fine fielding at third base attracted the attention of the management of the Portland club of the Pacific Northwest league, which club signed him for the season. He took part in the star in 1891 championship game, as the third baseman, and was the third baseman of the Portland team and ranked high in the other all averages both in hitting and fielding. His excellent work has brought him to the Portland club, to be the star of 1892, when he will be in his third year of professional work. He has had a hard and arduous career, but he has been a good player and a good fielder, and he has done well for his team.

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A FEW LOCAL ITEMS.

BILL NYE REPORTS HOW THINGS ARE GOING AT BUCK SHOALS.

Plum Levi Closes Up Owing to the Panic, and Kope Elias Gets There as Internal Revenue Collector—Notes on Farming. A Poem on Nature.

[Copyright, 1883, by Edgar W. Nye.]

NEWS ITEMS AND SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Suckers have quit biting!

Oh, how hot did rain three weeks ago! Jake Huff is out with a new straw hat.

Read the poem by Pearl Winterbottom in another column.

Some fendi in human form tapped our largest watermelon last week and let the sunburn mires into it.

The Epworth league of Buck Shoals has decided to keep open on Sunday. Otherwise it would not pay.



RAZOR.

the center of the
your World's fair
stop over here.

Wish
this
in this state
to give the name at

man who made the
in the Richmond and
Davidson. You will find no nice
fresh lawn growing under the feet of
Kope Elias.

George W. Vanderbilt has
acres more of perpendicular
lands near here recently. A
grand and upright also. It is
beautiful view of Buck Shoals. I
fence it in and use it for rearing
porkers some say.

Plum Levi of Asheville closed his bar
shop for three days last week owing
to the panic, but reopened one-half of
the business this morning. The receiv-
ing window is open again, and he hopes
to open the disbursing department as
crops begin to come in. Mr. Levi has
enough assets, all good, but cannot re-
alize on them. He has the promises of
all our leading citizens that he may
shave them after death, but you can't
hurry up such collateral as that. The
season has been too healthful to realize
on Plum's property. When pushed by
his creditors, he could only run around
among customers and look at their
tongues. Plum's popularity among the
dead is remarkable. Friends of deceased
always send for him, too, because his
shaving is a sure test that the remains
are not in a trance. Plum has an old
razor called Excalibur that makes one's
face feel like a pillar of fire by day and a
pillar of prairie-feld by night. Wherever
it alights one notices a little tickling sen-
sation as he doth who sitteth down where
the little black hornet or typhoid touch-
me-not of Tennessee is opening a World's
fair.

The appointment and administration of Kope Elias as internal revenue collector of this district is giving more and more satisfaction. He has 43 agents under him, all of whom are a perfect gentleman. The internal revenue affairs here have never been so genial in North Carolina as at the present time. Such men as Hezekiah Gruder agree with this sentiment. It has always been a very difficult matter to attend to revenue affairs here without making personal enemies, but at the present time all is harmony. Kope Elias is the most harmonious man that the president could have named. He is one of our subscribers and knows that we will send back the little willow covered tank as soon as we are through with it. A few more harmonious appointments would please us at any time. Skold Kope. Skold just once more for the seagulls.

The purchase of the Pink Bed and Pig-
gan track by Mr. Vanderbilt, embracing
20,000 acres of land, has thrown the colored
Christian Endeavor society of that
place out of a home, as all the buildings
on the property will be demolished. The
society is looking about for a location.
They are offered a bonus and a good
baptizing place below here on the river,
but have not yet accepted.

The Colored Coarse Comb band of Pis-
gan also finds itself hors de come back,
as their old tract is to be fenced off and
planted with fallow deer and terrapin.
Many people find themselves homeless in
that locality and as soon as they can
call in their dogs will move. Pink Beds
is so called because the great basin, as
surveyed from the mountains at the mid-
summer season, is a vast bed of Indian
pinks, most beautiful to behold. The
name does not mean, as a correspondent
seems to think, that pink counterpanes
are used there exclusively. They are not

Wanted—By a former president of sav-
ings bank, situation in a good family, to
do chores in a private home, or to take
care of a disagreeable invalid. Will run
of errands or do farm work or look out
for a well educated young woman who
is going abroad. Ready at figures and
can show at once by means of piece of
chalk and side of barn how much a serv-

ant girl can have in 10 years if she puts
\$1 in the bank every week and keeps her
eye on it all the time.

Farming is not such a safe profession
as many would have us believe. A man
named Richard Davis was buried during
the summer at the Bumgarner grave-
yard who was instantly killed while fol-
lowing the plow. He was going at a
high rate of speed, the off mule having
scared the line under his or her tail, as
the case may be, when the plow struck a
hickory root in such a way as to crush
the ribs of Mr. Davis by a blow from one
of the handles, killing him instantly. A
week ago a fleshly man named Burdick
of Transylvania county slid down a hay-
stack and encountered a pitchfork stand-
ing against the stack, tines upward, but
concealed by the hay. The three tines of
the fork punctured the abdominal cavity,
proving so fatal that his son is
now running the farm. It was he who
stood the fork wrong end up by the side
of the stack. We hope that from this
little incident he has learned a valuable
lesson. Another farmer, while finishing
out a tall stack of grain this month and
not over 20 miles from where the above
faul pas occurred, called to his son be-
low to toss up a long stake sharpened at
the end for the purpose of fastening the
top sheaf on the stack. The son, who is a
retired pitcher, having had his nose
knocked off while playing the national
game at Cincinnati, being in a sort of
brown study, sent it to first with such
force that the stake extended through
the back of the father over 16 inches,
making it extremely difficult for him to
change his clothes in time for the funeral.
These are among the reasons why boys
leave the farm.

A subscriber at Athens, Ga., sends in
the following clipping and inquires if we
think it correct:

A British scientist recently stated that if a
man weighing 140 pounds were placed under a
hydraulic press and squeezed flat the result
would be 105 pounds of water and 35 pounds of
dry residue.

We would hate to venture an opinion
on this, not having been present when it
was tried, but presume it is true. Yet
what could be the scientist's object? We
would not treat anybody in that way
under any circumstances. Some scientists
seem to have no higher ambition in
life than to supply material for autopsies.
The writer moved away from New York
to escape from a prominent physician
who wished to make a thorough examination
of a few vital organs of his that do not in any way concern the public.
A man can't be too careful that way in
these days.

Strayed—From the chateau at Buck
Shoals, one low set burro, or child's
donkey, named Marie Antoinette. He
is of a mouse color, shading into ele-
phant's breath on the stomach. He has
his hair on one side clipped with
scissors by the children, giving that side
a queer appearance which is noticeable
at a distance. He is 81 years
old and is in his eighty-second year
and does not show it. Would be
a good pony. His tail has not
been cut since he left home, and so
the last week's growth of beard
is the only way because the children
have not yet worn a sunbonnet at
Easter time, and he has just decided
that he was an insult. Marie Antoinette
at this time shows signs of second
childhood approaching, but noticeable
only to those who know and love him
best. He went away in the night and
may have eloped with some one. Any
one finding him is cautioned about shaving
his tail without running it through
an auger hole in the side of the barn and
holding it with a pair of plumber's forceps.
A reward of \$8 will be given for
the return of Marie Antoinette and notes
at 90 days given for crops destroyed by
him.

The following poem, or portion of one,
there being 16 other stanzas which are
omitted here, is taken from a paper pub-
lished near Cripple Creek, Colo., called
The Iris:

A HINT FROM NATURE.

Long ago in the olden times
People did not notice nature, but we
Are older and wiser and
Should notice all things, you see.

Did you ever notice nature?
She talks all day long.

Perhaps, friends, you don't know
The brook's murmur lauds song.



STAYED FROM THE CHATEAU.

Perhaps you never think,
When you go out for a walk,
That every flower and blade of grass
Is trying to get you to stop and talk.

And if you sit down near a tree
Among the grass and flowers,
If you are cross and sad,
Nature will reason with you for hours.

Yes, God has given us nature
To help us on our life's tour.

So when we are sad and weary
Nature will help us our sadness to endure.

Nature was never known to weep
Or to be sad or cross.
All the we are to lose nature,
It would be a very great loss.

She care not for the melancholy—
For gladness she has always aspired—
She laughs gayly with the blithe,
She tenderly soothes the tired.

No matter how poor the person,
He never refused a soft cot.
She loves everybody she sees
Whether they are poor or not.

So, if you want to be cross,
Don't go into her reach.

For the sadder you are
The more gladness she'll preach.

Sometimes the punishment
God gives is hard to bear,
And we foolishly think,
If we suffer, God doesn't care.

But he does care a great deal,

That's why he gives us nature, you know,

Because when he can't soothe our wounds

Nature takes his place and does so.

People who have heretofore failed to
notice nature will be glad to have their
attention thus pleasantly called in that
direction. We are also shown in a pleasant
way how disagreeable it would be if
nature should ever have anything happen to it.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—Assuming that
every legislator does his duty and re-

sponds to the call of President Cleve-

land, 355 representatives in congress will

face Clerk James Kerr of Pennsylvania

when he declares the house of repre-

sentatives of the Fifty-third congress in

extraordinary session on Aug. 7, one

chair being vacant by death and no suc-

cessor yet chosen. On the same assump-

tion, and of course in neither senate nor

house will an absolutely full attendance

be had at any time during the congress.

Vice President Stevenson will look down

from his elevation into the faces of 85

senators and of three other persons

hanging around the fringe of the sena-

torial circle with governor's certificates

in their pockets. He will be assisted in

his functions as presiding officer by

43 Democrats, 39 Republicans, 1 Popu-

list—Allen of Nebraska—1 independent

—Kyle of South Dakota—and 1

Farmers' Alliance senator—Pfeffer of

Kansas—for, having split from the two

old established parties, these latter three

senators, after the fashion of opponents

of the established order of things,

whether in politics or religion, find them-

selves unable to agree on a common desig-

nation, and each in the congressional

directory insists on being denominated

in a special manner. One of the three

moths hovering around the senatorial

candle awaiting entrance—Mr. Beck-

with of Wyoming—is a Democrat, and

two—Messrs. Maults of Montana and

Allen of Washington—are Republicans.

Speaker Crisp when elected will pre-

side over 217 Democrats, 128 Republi-

cans, 4 Populists, 3 silverites, 2 indepen-

dents and 1 Populist-Democrat, the spirit

of third party disintegration shown in

the senate operating in the house to

cause N. G. of Nevada, Bell and

Ford of Colorado, silver men, Kern and

McKee of N. Mexico, independents,

and three of Kansas, who takes the

lead in the straight Populists Baker,

McLennan of Kansas and

Wright of Minnesota.

There are in the new house

an unusually large number of new

men will make the body look strange at

first to those persons familiar with the

appearance of the last house. William

S. Holman of Indiana and Charley

O'Neill of Pennsylvania, each entering

upon his twenty-ninth year of service,

will gaze benignly around on new

members hardly as old as years as they

are in parliamentary service.

Speaker Crisp will have as his lieutenants

much the same force as he had last

year, and will still, as last, some

times wish he could himself go down and

lead the Democratic cohorts marshaled

under the banners of a half dozen leaders

none of them willing to recognize

the captaincy of the other.

McMillin, Wilson of West Virginia, Springer

and Turner of Georgia, all leading mem-

bers of the last and means committee,

are back, and so is Bourke Cockran, a

member who showed more of the dash

and vigor of leadership than any of the

quarter named, but like most Irish orator

does not take to the contumacious

charge in general debate, reserving

language, confection of ideas, posturing of the head,

trembling, dimness of sight, or giddiness

WEEKLY FOUNDING IN 1863
DAILY FOUNDING IN 1857THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY
INDEPENDENT BUILDING,
South Broad Street, MASSILLION, OHIOTelephone 2411.
X 100 IN ROOM—GO ONE RING.EXCISE IN MASSILLION.—It is delivered to
excise in the city and surrounding
towns at one cent per work. By mail, post
office, \$1 per year. Six months
REBATE, by mail, \$1
one year, six months; 50 cents
three months.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1893.

Blessings light upon the council if it
gives us a new town clock!Col. W. A. Taylor still lingers under
the happy delusion that he is a candi-
date for governorThe scalper can take a limited num-
ber of people to Chicago and return
for \$2.50, but the railroads want \$12.50.
Dear, is it not?Over near Orrville they are drilling
for natural gas. Better tap the back
yards, and draw off the gas that caused
the epidemic of typhoid fever.The board of pension examiners ap-
pointed by the Congressman McKinley,
consisting of Drs. Miller, Pease
and Campbell, is one of the most com-
petent in the whole country, and its
standing is deservedly high.Congratulations to you Dr. Gardner,
of West Brookfield and Massillon, and
Dr. Williamson, too. Dr. Gardner
wore the uniform and he wore it grace-
fully, and well. Dr. Williamson did
not, but it was not his fault.Pension Commissioner Lochran is
about to "reform" the Massillon board
of pension examiners by dismissing
Drs. Miller, Pease and Campbell, to
make room for Drs. Gardner, William-
son and Dissinger. The selection of
Dr. Dissinger will provoke wild enthu-
siasm on the part of everybody.Old Allen G. Thurman was quoted
yesterday as saying that there is a fin-
ancial stringency now, not only in
this country, but in Europe and South
America. The Pittsburgh Dispatch
trips the old gentleman's argument by
saying today that "On the same
day that this interview of ex-Senator
Thurman's was published the Bank of
England rate for money was 1/1 per
cent, and the open market for com-
mercial paper in London was 2/2 per
cent. In other words, instead of a
condition of financial stringency there
is a condition of exceptional monetary
plentiful in London. And the only
reason why this condition has not long
ago exerted its influence on the money
market in this country is the doubt of
English investors whether the money
loaned on a gold basis may not be re-
paid on a silver basis."

THE COUNTY TICKET.

An extraordinary opportunity is
presented this year to the Republicans
of Stark county to elect the entire
local ticket. The renomination of
Governor McKinley, himself a citizen
of the county, is of itself a fact of con-
siderable value to the other candidates,
and to this add the widespread dis-
trust in which the Democratic party is
now held, and dispositions of petty
origin in the county organization. If
any man on the Republican ticket is
defeated this fall the fault will lie
wholly with the party itself. It is,
therefore, of the greatest importance
that the nominations soon to be made
represent the best thought and strength
of the party, with due regard to equi-
table distribution.It is probable that Probate Judge
Fawcett will again run, and his record
as an official and party man justify the
selection. Prosecuting Attorney Bow,
who has been a model officer, will also
be renominated. Mr. Rowlen, one of
our representatives, is tolerably cer-
tain to be again chosen. This gives
three of the best places on the ticket to
the city of Canton, and suggests great
caution in completing the work. There
is no dearth in good material in every
locality, and though there are not
enough offices to allow one to every
township, it is possible to make a fair
distribution, and this thought should
be carefully born in mind when the
primaries are held.

THE MESSAGE.

Mr. Cleveland has not met the expec-
tation of his friends. He is for the
immediate and unconditional repeal of
the Sherman law. There is an insig-
nificant word or two about the tariff,
but the note is soft and low. The Pres-
ident is right in thinking that the situ-
ation would not be so bad if the end of
the coining were in sight. France has
far more silver than the United States,
but France has drawn the line. It is
distinctly understood that beyond that
line France will not go, and therefore
the parity between the metals is main-
tained. With us it is different. Practi-
cally speaking, our silver mines are
inexhaustible, and until the Sherman
law is repealed we must go on and on,
forever buying the whole product,
while those who sell it to the govern-
ment carry off the gold they affect to
despise.When it is understood that the howl
for silver is very largely the cry of
20,000 miners whose daily bread is dug
out of the silver mines, and that to
keep them in employment throws into
idleness almost as many millions, and
that all this is to protect a product
scarcely more valuable in dollars than
the annual hay crop of Ohio, the heart
burns, and we think that we might
better build hotels, and support those
20,000 miners in luxury and idleness
than to pay the price they ask for em-
ployment. Think of it! On Saturday
last the labor organizations of New
York city alone had the names of 30,
000 of their members seeking work.Yet we have in this district a con-
gressman who says that if the Sherman
law is repealed he wants "a sub-
stitute." His thoughts on this subject
are not deep, and perhaps not too per-
sistent. Nevertheless, the danger is
grave, and those of his party who fail
to urge upon him to contribute his vote
to the carrying out of Mr. Cleveland's
policy fail in performing their duty.
This time Mr. Cleveland is right.

MR. HOWELLS AND TIN.

Mr. Howells could not help saying
to the newspapers in Cardiff that he
had not seen much American tin plate.
"Our United States papers say" he re-
marked, "that there is a great deal of
tin made in the United States, but if it
is it is mighty hard to find. There is a
good deal of terne plate or black plate
manufactured there, as it always has
been." This is what Anthony Howells,
of Massillon said, in Cardiff, Wales, and
yet, if he had read the ordinary com-
mercial advertisements in THE IN-
DEPENDENT, for a year prior to his
departure, he would have known that
American tin plate was being sold in
Massillon, in any quantity, and at low
prices. To be really certain, inquiry
was made this morning of E. J. Wer-
net, the Erie street merchant, whose
politics THE INDEPENDENT does not
know, and cares not a rap about, as to
the state of the tin market, and thus
was learned:"We can furnish all the American
tin anybody wants, from one sheet to
a car load. We are putting on tin
roofs, complete, for less now than we
did three years ago, or before the Mc-
Kinley law went into effect. Tin uten-
sils are cheaper now than ever. We
buy the same goods for less than we
did and we sell them for less than we
did. American tin plate is not in the
market as a curiosity, but as a com-
mercial staple, so common that I
wouldn't think of calling it 'American
tin plate,' unless had you put your
question that way."The foregoing was language taken
down this morning, Tuesday, August 21,
year of our Lord 1893, yet Mr.
Howells says that American tin is hard
to find, and says so to the Welsh
tin miners. Now, since tin is lower
than ever, it does not need much
demonstration to show that this country
has not lost by the measure that
made it so. We are getting our tin for
less, and we are employing our own
people in making it. But suppose the
contrary to be true. Who is the loser?
Not this country certainly. Since the
tariff has gone up, and the price down,
the difference, assuming that we are
importing as much as ever, is being
paid on the other side. We are just
that much ahead.

AT THE LAKE YESTERDAY.

The Navarre High School Alumni Asso-
ciation Reunion.NAVARRE, Aug. 9.—The second an-
nual reunion of the Navarre high
school Alumni Association was held at
Lake View, Meyer's lake, yesterday.
Members were present from Navarre,
Oliveval, Massillon, Justus, Beach
City, Bolivar and Mineral Point, and
after pleasant greetings had been ex-
changed a fine picnic dinner was served
at Stony Point.In the afternoon the literary ex-
ercises were held in the Lake View hotel
dining room. They were very interest-
ing and lasted nearly two hours.
Among the most worthy of mention was
an address by Professor S. Weimer, of
the Cleve and high school, the founder
and for many years superintendent of
the Navarre graded school. Addresses
were also made by W. L. Bennett,
president of the association, and by J. W.
Gilliam, and there were several
musical selections by piano and man-
dolin players.Before the meeting concluded Dr. I.
Clement Rider was elected president
and Miss Nora Garver secretary and
treasurer for the coming year. The
next reunion will be held at Zorah dur-
ing the fore part of August, 1894.

BIA Classmate at Amherst.

B. H. Emerson, of Gloucester, Mass.,
professor of mineralogy and geology
in Amherst college, who was so badly
injured in the Lake Shore wreck at
Lindsay, on Saturday night, was a
classmate of Superintendent E. A.
Jones in Amherst. It was thought at
first that Professor Emerson would die
from his injuries but he was able to be
removed to Cleveland last night and it
is now believed that there is a chance
for his recovery.

Are You Nervous.

Are you all tired out, do you have that
feeling or sick headache? You
can be relieved of all these symptoms
by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which
gives nerve, mental and bodily strength
and thoroughly purifies the blood. It
also creates a good appetite, cures in-
digestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy
in action and sure in effect. 25 cents a
box.

MR. HOWELLS IN WALES.

HE TALKS TO A FOREIGN NEWSPAPER
MAN.The Massillon Man Surprised at the
Changes in His Old Home—He Says He
Likes McKinley But Not His Tariff
Measure.The Western Mail, published at
Cardiff, Wales, bearing date of July 14,
contains the following interview:The Hon. Anthony Howells, of
Massillon, Ohio, who was recently
appointed by President Cleveland to
the American Consulate at Cardiff,
arrived in the Welsh Metropolis on
Wednesday night on Tursday afternoon
last the labor organizations of New
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LOCAL HAPPENINGS*

Discovered this week by Independent Investigators.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hansen, a son.

Miss Vincie Kurtz is visiting friends in Millersburg.

William Bush and family are visiting in Wheeling.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barker are visiting friends in Lorain.

Murray Fawcett, of Cleveland, is visiting friends in the city.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Shinder, in Weber street, a daughter.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Paxton, of Richville avenue, a son.

Miss Bertie Bloch, of Cleveland, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Herman Marks.

Harry B. Loew is employed as a clerk in Albert Miller's jewelry store.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter K. Sladden, of Cleveland, are visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Bertha Lucas, of Cleveland, is the guest of Mrs. Wm. Sorg, in East street.

Mrs. J. D. Neff and children left this morning for Newark to visit friends for a few weeks.

Wm. Toomey a W. & L. operator has been transferred to the Huron office, of that company.

Miss Emma Herman, of Canton, is the guest of Miss Grace Walcutt, in South East street.

Cyrus Stoner has been appointed administrator of the estate of John Fisberth deceased.

Mrs. Henry Graybill and Mrs. John Graybill, of Uhrichsville, are visiting friends in the city.

Miss Susie Graybill returned on Saturday from an extended visit in Western states and Chicago.

Miss Jennie Thomas, of Newton Falls, is the guest of her uncle, David Johns, in Duncan street.

Mrs. John Borrey, of Greenfield, Ind., is the guest of Mrs. J. H. Williams in West Massillon.

Mrs. Caroline Lanter, of Canton, is spending a week with her son, Benjamin Lanter, in Wooster street.

The cornerstone of the new Reformed church at Millport will be laid next Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Chas. Walters and Miss Anna Howald, of Akron, are visiting at the home of Henry Walters in West Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Simons who lived here many years ago, but who now reside in Springfield, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Baitzly.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Biddle, and children, of Bellefontaine, are visiting at the home of Mr. Biddle's father, Mr. Martin Biddle, on Plum street.

W. F. Burns, who was arrested for being implicated in the Olance saloon row Saturday night, pleaded not guilty and was dismissed by the mayor.

A barn owned by William Forest on his property adjoining the West Cherry street public school house, caught fire Tuesday afternoon, and was burned usually large.

Crystal Springs Assembly.
The eleventh annual meeting of the Crystal Springs Sunday School Assembly will be held at the Tabernacle, Tuscarawas township, Stark county, O., August 23d and 24th, 1893.

PROGRAM.
Wednesday, 1 o'clock p. m.
1. D. votional Services.
2. Lectures—Delegates.
3. Address of Welcome.
4. Children's Hour Recitations from each school singing by juvenile choir.
5. Personal Work Club E. Storer, Massillon.

Wednesday, 7 o'clock p. m.
1. Song Service.
2. Lecture—"The Greatest Needs" Prof. F. V. Irish, Columbus.

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1. Song and Prayer Service.

2. Secretary's Report of Sunday School Work in the Township.

3. Missions, Rev. M. F. Rinker, Navarre.

4. How Shall we live with the Larger Trade? Mr. L. L. Lovell, West Brookfield.

5. Progress of the Y. P. S. C. E. State Greenville.

6. Report of Delegate to the State S. C. Convention—D. A. Shuter, West Brookfield.

Thursday, 1 o'clock p. m.
1. Devotional Services.
2. Election of Officers.
3. Qualification of the Ideal Superintendent, Teacher and Scholar.

4. Lecture—"The Bible the World's Greatest and Best Library" Prof. F. V. Irish, Columbus.

Adjournment.

1. Each school is expected to send Six Delegates.

2. General Discussion after each Address.

3. Program will be interspersed with good music.

4. Attend every session.

5. Annual Sunday School Picnic, Saturday, August 26, 1893.

"Happy Jack" Dead.

"Happy Jack" is dead. The unfortunate victim of an unconquerable desire for strong drink, who has been known by the above sobriquet, but whose real name was John Grosswiler, had been at the infirmary for the past three months, and this morning his wife received word from Superintendent Pontius that Jack was dead. He was about 41 years of age. Mrs. Grosswiler is sick in bed at the present time, she was married to Grosswiler fourteen years ago and has four children.

A Local Batter Family.

The scarcity of the butter supply is rapidly approaching the proportions of a famine, and scarcely any of the yellow culinary necessity is being brought to market by the farmers. Massillon grocers are paying twenty-two cents today, and even at that price cannot secure enough to satisfy the demands of their customers. The continued dry weather is responsible for this scarcity, and as there is no grass worth mentioning many of the farmers have already commenced feeding their cattle with hay.

Will Continue Another Week.

The success of the camp meeting at the driving park has been such that the Rev. Flemon has decided to continue the meetings another week. The Rev. Cypress, of Akron, a well known and experienced camp meeting speaker, will arrive today and conduct to-night's meeting. Everybody is invited to go out and hear him. On Friday afternoon there will be no meeting on account of the horse races, which are to be given by the lessees of the park.

Mr. James H. Hunt is chaperoning the occupants of half a dozen tents now located at Mosquito Point, Turkeyfoot, who have not been able to decide between "Idlewild" and the "Dahomey Village" as the most appropriate name for their lodge in the wilderness. Boating, bathing and banqueting make the time slip by in that peculiar way time occasionally has, and there were fifteen or twenty guests yesterday to make the flight faster. Among the party are Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Corne, Miss Hunt, Miss Wales, Miss McLain, the Misses Burton, Mrs. Shepardson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McLain, Prescott Burton, William Bayliss and Arvine Wales.

Rev. J. D. Neff has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Reformed church

at Bettsville, O., where he will remain within a few days. Mr. Neff has been a resident of Massillon during the past two years and a half and has charge of what is known as the Tuscarawas charge, which includes four congregations of the Reformed faith, to whom he preaches at Sixteen, Stand's, Myers and Cross Roads churches. His labors have been attended by more than a usual amount of success, and the congregations of which he has charge are very loath to have him de-part.

MRS. CATHARINE KERSTETTER.
The Death of a Well Known and Esteemed Woman.

Mrs. Catharine Kerstetter died Sunday morning at 1:30 o'clock at her home in Muskingum street. She would have reached the age of 78 years had she lived until the 29th of this month, and her death was the result of a general breaking down of the system. The funeral was held at 12:30 o'clock Monday from the Muskingum street home and the burial took place at East Greenville.

Mrs. Kerstetter was born in Watertown, N. Y., and has been married twice; the first time in Canada to Wm. Carey, and the second time in East Greenville to George Kerstetter. Three children survive her, Martin Carey, Mrs. Jacob Bowers and Wm. Kerstetter. Mrs. Kerstetter spent most of her life in East Greenville but removed to Massillon about five years ago. She has been an earnest and devoted member of the Methodist church for many years and was a greatly esteemed and respected woman.

AT THE LAKE WORKS.

Business Good—No Thought of Shutting Down.

Business at the J. H. & D. Lake Co.'s works is still increasing, orders are being received daily and over \$1,000 worth of sold work was turned out this week. Mr. J. H. Lake returned last night from a prosperous eastern trip and reports a livening up of business interests in that locality. It is denied the report that they expect to close down. He states that they will gradually increase their number of employees. "We have never had better business prospects," said Mr. Lake, and though we find some trouble in making collections at present, we manage to keep our heads above water. I am positive that within a few weeks business will take a turn for the better throughout the country. Our prospects, as I said before, are bright. I find no difficulty in taking orders, and we are receiving letters from firms in all parts of the United States, as well as England and France who are desirous of handling our goods."

At Harrison & Co.'s.

The boilers and engines at the new works of W. R. Harrison & Co. have been erected, nearly all of the line shafting is in place and it is now hoped and believed that everything will be in readiness to start the engines one week from Monday. Orders have been coming in at a lively rate and a great many machines are being shipped. The indications are that the business this year with Harrison & Co. will be unusually large.

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THE NEW PENSION BOARD

DRS. GARDNER, WILLIAMSON AND DISINGER SELECTED.

Congressman skirt makes his recommendations and Lachman will do the rest. The Berths are worth about \$400 per annum each—How it Happened.

Three extremely interesting letters of exact similarity, posted from the United States pension bureau at Washington, were separately delivered in Stark county, yesterday, to Dr. James F. Gardner, of West Brookfield and Massillon, Dr. F. B. Williamson, of Massillon, and Dr. Dissinger, of Canal Fulton. The communications read as follows:

WASHINGTON, August 4.—Your name has been suggested for application for pension examining surgeon at Massillon, county of Stark, state of Ohio. If you desire the position you will please make application by filling the blank personal report printed on the third page of this sheet and forwarding it to this office, together with a letter asking the appointment. An actual practice of five years is pre-requisite to appointment.

Very respectfully,
W. LOCHRAN,
Commissioner.



DR. J. F. GARDNER.

The arrival of the above marks the beginning of the end of a long and, in some phases, bitter contest before Congress—skirt. About three weeks ago, after a period of uncertainty, Dr. skirt concluded to recommend Drs. Gardner, Williamson and Dissinger for appointment on the Massillon board to succeed Drs. Miller, Pease and Campbell, Republicans. This decision was a open secret, which THE INDEPENDENT was in honor bound not to reveal at the time. The recommendations were hung up because of the strong feeling against the appointment of Dr. Dissinger, whose personal record, it was alleged, was of a character too odorous to be tolerated. Whether this was true or not, it delayed matters very materially—the upshot being that in the interval Dr. Dissinger had succeeded in restoring himself to favor. The letters from Commissioner Lachman show that the preliminary and political steps have all been taken, and the application and appointment through department channels will be formal only.

The original expectation was that Dr. D. S. Gardner, of Massillon, Dr. Brant, of Canton, and some person unknown would make up the board. Dr. Brant sought to have the board transferred to Canton, and insisted so strongly, it is said, that his own name was stricken from the list, and Dr. Dissinger substituted. Dr. D. S. Gardner withdrew his application, and his father's replaced it. The places are worth about \$400 per annum, in fees.

Dr. Miller, of the present board, said this morning that he had been looking for the appointment for about three months, and that all the papers and files were in readiness for an immediate transfer.

Dr. Gardner is the only member of the new board who has a professional record. His professional standing is high, and his integrity beyond question. That he will perform his duties with credit to himself and party is not open to doubt.

Dr. Williamson is a young man, who has practiced just five years, and whose future is yet to be made. That the opportunity has been given to him over thirty or forty competitors, is compilatory to the promise of that future.

Dr. Dissinger is a resident of Canal Fulton, and in the absence of the data upon which the charges against him are based it would perhaps be indistinct to particularize. They reflect more upon his personal life than his capabilities, and that his appointment will cause trouble for Dr. skirt is certain.

West Lebanon.

Mr. Keflinger, who was injured while tearing down a building for Frank Youngman, is improving, and is walking about with the aid of crutches.

Mrs. Dr. Shively, of this place, was the guest of Miss Jennie Cully, of East Greenville, last week.

Horace Beals met with an accident last week. While driving a colt along a piece of woods a flock of turkeys flew up, frightening the colt, causing it to run away and demolishing a top buggy.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A GREAT SUMMER SEASIDE RESORT.

More Than a Score of Hotels—A Woman's Opinion of the Efficiency of the Liquor Law—The Religious Element—Strolling About the Railway Station.

(Special Correspondence.)

OLD ORCHARD.—Aug. 3.—The Sunday aspect at Old Orchard differs radically from that at the ocean summer resorts in the vicinity of New York. There Sunday is the liveliest day—the day of all days so far as the music of bands and the miscellaneous sideshows are concerned. Here these things are not allowed to operate on the first day of the week. But on other days the steeds of the merry-go-round and the breathless descents of the razzle-dazzle are enjoyed here as much as elsewhere.

It is hard to fix on the most individual characteristic of Old Orchard. If you come here for a considerable sojourn and have plenty of money, its summer hotels, of which there are more than a score, will overshadow every other feature. These hotels are, in a way, all alike. They differ only in degree of vastness, all being so simple in design as to suggest the adjective "barnlike," in which regard they are not alone among summer hotels. But nearly all command excellent sea views, all are supplied with spacious verandas, and some of them can accommodate half a thousand guests apiece. When filled with pleasure-seeking people, they are undeniably delightful places to be in. But this is not a good year for seashore hotels, nor for any other sort either, for that matter. Business has picked up somewhat over the stagnation of the early season at Old Orchard, but as late as the middle of July the dinner was regularly served in one of the largest of the caravansaries here for less than 30 guests.

As a consequence the transient throngs become of greater importance than the hotel crowd. The transients come from Portland, Biddeford and Saco and other nearby Maine and New Hampshire towns. There is also, especially on Sunday, a noticeable admixture of Lemers and their wives and children. What seems very peculiar to the stranger here is the almost total absence of the European countenance and of any accent save that of New England.

A curious tendency among the transient visitors to Old Orchard, especially on Sunday, is to devote more time to the railroad platforms than to the magnificent beach. Last Sunday, for instance, more than half of the people in sight for hours promenaded up and down the platforms unceasingly just as they might have strolled along the sidewalks in front of their homes. The only advantage these short distance pedestrians found in being at Old Orchard, so far as I could see, was that here they could breathe the sea air and hear the surf, even if they would not look at the ocean. But they seemed to count it much that they were in a crowd and that every few steps they might stop and buy some sweetened water drink or some fruit or popcorn glued with molasses into snowy and pink spheres. The hot sausage does not flourish in Old Orchard, because its usual accompanying drink—beer—is not allowed on Sunday or any other day, for this is in Maine, the home state of prohibition.

"No, sir, it don't," was her reply. "There's some low down place here where you can get beer, and whisky, too, for that matter. When the races is on, it's somethin' perfectly scandalous. But they have to be pretty careful, sir, and they sometimes gets caught, no matter how sly they are."

"And then," he said, "nobody bothers me much but the young men and young women, who get away back in the shadows and give up their time to courting instead of listening to the talkin'. But I don't often 'ad' to speak to them twice, sir," he went on, "and usually they sometimes had to arrest drinks from the shore I like the business first rate, and I don't know of any other summer job that gives you so much of a chance to hear good preachin' and talkin' and singin'."

In the near vicinity of Old Orchard and reached by the hilltop cars of a narrow gauge railway is Ocean Park, the camp ground of the Baptists.

the historical character of Old Orchard, as in the interests of the hotels, does not mention the facilities the manufacturers for the holding of camp meetings, and the pamphlet got out by the association says never a word of the beach or the bathing. The camp meeting grounds were laid out for the Methodists, and this denomination still holds a camp meeting here every year. The services are held in a bit of grove consisting of really fine old trees that shade a natural amphitheater. A neat wooden stand has been erected for the speaking, and substantial semicircles of plank seats have been placed facing it among the trees. There are perhaps accommodations for 2,000 persons on these benches, and electric lights are suspended here and there from the lower limbs of the trees, so that at night the illumination is excellent. Surrounding the auditorium are the "camp grounds," regularly laid out in streets and dotted with tiny cottages.



THE BEACH AT LOW TIDE.



TWO SUMMER TOILETTES.

Two silk gowns for summer wear are shown in the accompanying picture. They have open waists and are consequently cool and comfortable in these days when old Sol is smiling so warmly upon the earth.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

THE BASQUE IS THE FOUNDATION OF ALL DRESS CUTTING.

A Few Facts That Must Not Be Forgotten. How to Cut Blouses and Bolero Jackets. Various Kinds of Fastenings—How to Finish a Basque.

(Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.)

The basque being the foundation of all dress-cutting, the novice should learn at the very outset all its possibilities. With a good diagram of a basque fitting in measurement the prospective wearer of the garment plotted out can a princess robe, a wrapper of mystery, a tailor gown, riding habit, an evening dress, a blouse, a blazer and a coat of any description. The principle is exactly the same, with such variations as the exigencies of the case may require. It needs but to be lengthened to make a tight coat or blazer and to have its different parts lengthened and widened to form a princess dress.

To do this the different parts should be cut four inches longer than the skirt from waist downward and the front pieces cut on a slant so that the bottom of each front measures 20 inches, the front side pieces the same, the back side goes 25, and the back breadth should measure the whole width of the goods, and it is narrow another breadth should be added to the back and phated in close so that the whole skirt may fall free and open in the approved shape. The four inches extra length are taken up in fitting to the figure.

The princess should be tried on with the princess outwards and fitted like any other waist. The skirt is to be faced with wigan or crinoline about 12 inches deep, and to the inner side is stitched a facing of liner or calico, and where the dress is a very broad one several narrow pinked ruffles are sewed to a silk foundation and cut stitched to the wigan.

Riding habits are cut in the same way, but the lines are drawn rigidly and with angles wherever they can be introduced, notably the square high collar and the square positions and square pocket lids.

In cutting jackets the dressmaker only needs to know the style wanted. If a reefer jacket is desired, the same general rules prevail, and it is easy to make one with strict attention to the pressing and care that all outside stitching should be perfectly straight.

Blouses are cut like the French waists, but the lower part should be three to four inches longer, perfectly straight around and hemmed. An elastic is then drawn through, and the waist buttons so that the superfluous length falls down over the top of the skirt.

Bolero jackets, Eton jackets and blazers are all cut from the original basque pattern. From the waist is outlined with the two side neck pieces and is cut down to a point just overlapping the gathering of the back of the skirt and cut in front like the diagram, and it is easy to cut, as it is perfectly simple and seamless. Eton jackets may or may not have sleeves, but if they do they should be plain coat sleeve gathered rather full at the top, having a suspicion of gigot only, and they are worn over a waist.

The bolero is cut just like the Eton and is cut in the back as all in one piece and is cut straight across.

The Trash Habit.

The philosopher who originally propounded the theory that if one keeps a thing for seven years one will find a use for it, is responsible for a vast deal of trouble and labor. His words are always being quoted to justify the saving of rubbish, the use of which, after the stipulated seven years are past, is found to be the nourishing of the kitchen fire.

Worn-out clothes are stowed away to become a nursery for moths and mice, and broken china, empty spoons, worn tinware and weathervanes, newspapers are laid aside to collect dust and rust, because it would be wasteful to throw them away.

The trash habit is one that grows by indulgence, and if it becomes rooted in the character of the mistress of a household—for it is a feminine fault—she will lumber up her dwelling with such an infinite of valueless objects that it becomes a serious inconvenience to the other inmates. Old fruit and vegetable tins, bent nails, damaged palm leaf fans—nothing is sacred from the grasp of the diligent collector of trash.

The private wastebaskets of different members of the family are investigated in search of possible treasures about to be wantonly destroyed, and one has the chagrin of finding one's broken and useless properties that were devoted to the altars fires months previously stowed in some secure corner and only publishing the fact of their continued existence at housecleaning or moving time, when they require dusting, rearranging or packing, thereby increasing labor and vexation of spirit. In the name of order, cleanliness and common sense, destroy objects that are good for nothing and do not make a junkshop of your house.

KATE CHASE.

A Serious Undertaking.

Chappie—I was very gaily impelled by Doctah Plansbie's sermon on Sunday, when he spoke of the necessity of having a serious object in life.

"I'm going to do it too."

Chollie—Going to turn missionary, dear boy?

Chappie—Hardly, but I've made up my mind to tool a swag.—Truth.

"And then all the property is restricted, so that no man from one end of Mosquitotude to the other can keep chickens, and no darky under the sun—I mean under the moon—can live a happy life where the watermelon and the night blooming Shanghai flourish not."

R. K. MUNKSTECK.

A NIGHT ON THE MOOR

THE FAIR CYCLISTS HAVE AN UN-PLEASANT ADVENTURE.

To Haworth Across the Wild Yorkshire Moors—Lodging in a Deserted Hut. Hours That Passed on Lenden Wings. Wheeling Under Difficulties.

(Special Correspondence.)

HAWORTH, England, July 27.—We left the city of York, bound for Haworth, a distance of over 50 miles, early on a bright July morning and reached Harrogate soon after noon. Stopping for dinner and an hour's rest, I quizzed the genial landlord about the remainder of our journey. "Is 't Haworth ye want to get to? 'Tis a good thuffy mile from 'ere, is Haworth, but ye'll soon make it on them wheels. Go on your road straight away over the moors. 'Tis a bit lonesome, is all the way. There's ills, too, but for every oop there's a down, an 'tis your quickest way to Haworth."

So, rested and refreshed, we oiled our "silent steeds," waved a friendly adieu to the "master and misses" and the remainder of the household, who had gathered to see us off, and were on our way to cross the Yorkshire moors, of which we had read so much and knew so little. The road was fairly good, the sun shone brightly, and the air was soft and cool. This combination could not fail, an every cyclist will understand, to keep us good spirits as we spun swiftly along. Gradually the way became more and more lonely. Hills and mountains stretched away as far as the eye could reach—not wooded like our own, but bare and desolate and rock crowned.

We pushed on and on, rounding every curve in the vain hope that something better would meet our eyes, but only more cliffs and hills, more mountains and valleys, confronted us.

Finally we came in sight of a deserted little hut. It was directly opposite us on the cliff across the valley. To reach it we must clamber down the hill on which the road ran, cross the wide intervening valley and climb the steep mountainside to this forlorn looking refuge in a lonely spot.

For a moment we are undecided as to which we prefer for a complete drenching or shelter from it in that desolate house.

It is a black cloud which now covers the sky, the muttering thunder, the vivid lightning decide us.

Large drops of rain splash in our faces and slide down the hillside on the opposite side. It was a

delightful drenching.

It is always of interest and value to one lady to know just what another lady does when both are placed in precisely similar circumstances. That which brought health, comfort, happiness, freedom from pain and ease from long and wearisome sickness for one person is certain to do so for another.

PLEASE READ THE ADVICE OF AN OHIO LADY.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI, Utica, N. Y.

When your samples came I was under care of two good physicians, being treated for female complaints combined with urinary trouble a few years standing. After taking the samples I felt like a new woman, but fearing a relapse and wishing to continue to a perfect cure, I purchased a bottle of our Druggist. I never expected to see a well day again, but am cured. I advise all suffering women to try our Wonderful Utter Catholicon and Cleansing Wash.

Yours most respectfully, Mrs. JENNETT, Pumpernickel, Walnut St., Mt. Vernon, O. Oct. 15th, 1892.

Some intelligent persons hesitate to spend their money on untried remedies, and for this reason I send without charge sufficient of my **UTERINE CATHOLICON** and **CLEANSING WASH** to any lady to fully satisfy the most skeptical of its true merit. Send name and P. O. address to

DR. J. B. MARCHISI, Utica, N. Y.

Every lover of a good garden should be a collector of 2500 species of flowers.

Yours most respectfully, JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N. Y.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO Florida

Buy your tickets by the **QUEEN** and **CRESCE**NT and **E. T. & G. Ry.** It won't cost you any more. You will get there quicker. You will meet and travel with the very best class of people. Your surroundings are all luxuriant as money can buy. We have in complete and magnificent trains running daily between **CINCINNATI** and **ST. AUGUSTINE**. These trains are the complete vestibule trains from Cincinnati to St. Augustine. The distance is 110 miles. The charges on limited trains and you get the best to be had. DON'T pay the same price and put up with inferior service. For rates of further particulars address D. C. H. & C. Co., G. P. Agt. & C. R. R. Co., Agent for Queen and Crescent Route.

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Every lover of a good garden should be a collector of 2500 species of flowers.

Yours most respectfully, JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N. Y.

Wheeling & Lake Erie R. R.

Taking effect Sunday, October 25, 1892.

Going South. No. 5. No. 7. No. 9. No. 1.

A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

Toledo 7:45 1:00 5:30 5:30

Oak Harbor 8:45 1:55 6:30 6:30

Fremont 9:22 2:20 7:00

Glyndon 9:22 2:35 7:18

Elmwood 9:25 2:50 7:33

Monroeville 9:25 2:50 7:33

North Park 10:10 2:38 8:00

Wellington 10:55 4:15 8:55

Spencer 11:10 4:30 9:14

Lofton 11:27 4:45 9:28

Creston 11:45 5:05 10:00

Akron Ar PM 15 8:52 1:31

Youngstown 5:15 3:33

Pittsburgh Ar 7:30 6:30 6:30

Orville Ar PM 2:35 6:00 10:15

Massillon Ar 1:07 6:35 10:55

Massillon Ly 1:12 6:35 6:30

Youngstown Ly 1:25 6:48 6:30

Youngstown Ly 1:35 7:20 7:00

C. O. D. Don. Ar 2:25 7:55

Campbridge Ar 4:25 9:30

Marietta Ar 4:10

Sherodsville Ar 4:25 7:44 7:33

Bowerton Ar 4:40 7:55 7:45

Jewett Ar 4:45 8:25 8:16

Watervale Ar 4:50 8:25 8:10

Wadsworth Ar 4:55 8:30 8:15

Marietta Ar 4:55 8:35 8:15

Canal Day Ar 10:44 12:25

Canal Day Ar 10:44 12:25

Valley Jet Ly 7:55 PM 12:15

Youngstown Ly 8:25 12:30 7

The Cowardice of Courage

CHAPTER I.

The officers of the Five Hundredth, after having been stationed a few months at Wharton, determined to give a ball in the town hall which should eclipse all the balls ever given in that famous country town, eclipse even the dance given by the "girls of Wharton," which had been a very pretty affair, and which must have cost the poor chaperons a considerable sum of money. Captain Alan Fletcher had said the decorations were all the wine drinkable, and he was a great authority on both subjects. In strict privacy his fellow officers called him "Cocky," and between closed doors, "Cocktail," but in the mess room he was "The Calf," which was merely a nickname of initials.

There were certain facts connected with The Calf which seriously disturbed the minds of a few of his friends, especially the mind of Leigh Balfour, who had once believed in Alan Fletcher. He was so brave, so dashing and so handsome that it was useless entering the lists with Fletcher if he bestow marked attentions on a girl. This was not a common occurrence, however, for the captain had more entrancing amusements than flirting; he said girls were too easily captivated.

Leigh Balfour was a good deal younger than his former friend and had but lately added captain to his name. He had ceased to haunt the footsteps of his friend, and yet it was generally understood that Balfour did not easily give up those he cared about; usually he would stick to them through thick and thin.

It was hard that, just as Balfour had become intimate with the Adairs, The Calf should suddenly discover that Miss Adair was quite out of the common, but strangely enough he made this discovery immediately after the news, which somehow leaked out, that Miss Adair's cousin had died in Australia and had made her heir.

Balfour had recognized the treasure when she was poor, and he had fallen desperately in love with that special kind of love which trembles to be found out but longs to declare itself, and which fears so much to offend that it reaches absurd heights of self denial. Though Balfour had not allowed Lela to discover his passion, through some mistake he was found out in the all seeing eyes of Quickands.

In ordinary talk they called him "Torn-my" or "Quickands," both foreign names to him, but of course applicable, as the enlightened officers had given them to him and not his godfathers and godmothers, who naturally at that early period of his life could have known nothing of his leading characteristics. This lynx eyed man discovered and disclosed Leigh Balfour's secret, and immediately there was a chorus of questions from those who did not know the divinity. What was Miss Adair like? Divinely fair, of course. Was she the girl with the Australian cousin, and was Balfour's secret?

"I should think so," laughed Quickands, enjoying Balfour's discomfiture; "nearly walked over me yesterday when I was going in and he was coming out."

It was at this moment that The Calf, who had been leaning out of the window, smoking, put his head in and caught the last words.

"A girl and Balfour, or Balfour and a girl."

This stung Balfour more than all the other remarks, and there were innumerable reasons for this feeling.

"Nothing of the sort. Miss Adair is too sensible to flirt with me or any one else."

"A girl who won't flirt—and," sotto voce, "and who has money. Introduce me," said The Calf.

Balfour did not answer for a moment. He was going to say something which would considerably have widened the breach between them, but Quickands saved him from this misfortune.

"I will, Fletcher. I know her—slightly."

"All right. Well, come this afternoon."

That was some time before the ball, and things had gone on from bad to worse for Balfour, but quite the contrary for Captain Alan Fletcher, from indifference to notice, from notice to admiration, from admiration to love.

It must be remembered that Balfour's brother officers called him coy, Quixotic, but they never doubted his courage—he had given many proofs of it, and further he had moral courage, too, because, as Orm said in private, he had given up Fletcher.

"When, you know, his little failing grew apace, Fletcher was clever enough to live two lives. By the way, Balfour heard young Lord Staples had gone to the dogs; it was really all Cocktail's fault. But it's true that the fellow has a strange power of fascinating men and women—till they find him out. He'll most likely land his last fish"—i.e., Lela.

She was an only child, and lived alone with her mother. The story of the Australian cousin was quite true. Tom Fielder had no very near relations, and Lela's father had years ago, when he was hard up, lent him £5, so John Adair's daughter should have that £5 back again and a vast amount of interest with it.

"Oh, mother," said Lela one day, "how long Captain Balfour said today. He is very nice, but I did want to get our captain to ourselves."

Captain Balfour seems very fond of you, Lela, and he is a very nice fellow, very, but do be careful, my dear child. Are you sure that—"

"I always tell you everything, little mother, so I may as well own that just now Captain Balfour made me an offer, and then—please tell me this—i.e., I was so prudent that I said I would give him an answer the next day."

"You do love him."

"Yes—that is, if I know my own heart. He is so good, so gentle and kind, and he loves me so much."

The night of the ball came at last,

and Lela Adair was the envied beauty, but she was conscious only of one man's admiration, and the slight flush of animation and joy added to her beauty. When Fletcher claimed the first dance, Balfour knew that Lela would marry him; he (Balfour) had no chance, but that was nothing compared to her happiness, and the woman who gave herself to The Calf had not the remotest chance of happiness. But what could Leigh Balfour do? He could not go up to Lela and tell her that she was making a mistake; he could not even tell her what he knew—that Fletcher had given Lela's name as security for his gambling debts, and that he had bet on her "yes" this evening. There are many things a man cannot do, and this was one of them.

Lela was all joy, and she was so light hearted that she was ready to enjoy herself immensely, but she did not mean Captain Fletcher to give out at the ball that she had said "yes." So when he softly whispered words of love and asked her for her answer she smilingly said she would not tell him till the very last dance. It so happened that the ballroom was overhauled and Lela a little overexcited, and just as Leigh Balfour came to claim her for his dance Lela fainted right away. There was, of course, a fuss, a running for every imaginable liquor, but Mrs. Adair cut short the commotion by saying that she would take Lela home, as their house was so near the town hall. And Lela, who soon recovered, made no objection.

At first Captain Fletcher was extremely annoyed. He had not had his "yes," but he had as good as got it, and feeling thus reassured on certain little money matters he determined to cut the rest of the country maidens and country maidens, and to retire with a few special friends to a private room of the Bush hotel, which joined on to the town hall and had a door of communication. Leigh Balfour, happening to be disconsolately hanging about, because aware of this move and knew well enough what the result would be. However, Lela was gone, and—he was not his brother officer's keeper. So he sauntered on to the portico of the town hall to get in life and death, yours.

He read over his letter and smiled. It was clever; it would not miss the mark.

As for himself, the game was played out. He was ruined, disgraced. Anyhow the disgrace should not be public on tomorrow, for there should be no tomorrow.

CHAPTER II.

Leigh Balfour's rooms were below those of Alan Fletcher. The Wharton barracks were not very well built, and you could hear footsteps above you, especially if the owner walked up and down for some time, as Captain Fletcher did in the small hours after the ball.

"I hope not, I know what he did. He—he betrayed his friend," Lela gasped the words as if they hurt her throat.

"Taking advantage of my ignorance, he dragged me to a room to see the shame of the man I loved—and who loved me so truly, I may say it now—the man who felt his first fall so bitterly that he could not live under that shame."

"I thought so," muttered Quickands in despair.

"Yes, I might have forgiven him, but he could not forgive himself. He did very, very wrong. But do you think when every one has justice done to them he will be condemned and his friend praised?"

"I'm sure of it," said Quickands, almost bowled over, as he expressed it, by her eloquence.

"Then I differ from you. I know it will be the other way. A true friend should hide first fault."

"Do let me say one thing, Miss Adair, now do. Women ought to be fair as well as generous. You think you are generous, but you make a mistake.

Look here, I know that I'm meddling,

but I do like fairness, and I did wrong

originally; I introduced you to Fletcher."

"That is why I am listening to you."

"He heard a muttered oath, so he thought, and what sounded like, "I'll do for you, too, if you come in."

Balfour paused, all was dark. If he went in, he did not doubt that Fletcher—doubtless mad with drink—would fire at him in the dark, too, and—

A crowd of thoughts surged up at that moment of time. Instead of rushing in, as was his first impulse to do, there came over him a moment of strange, unexplainable fear. He, who had never previously quailed before anything, now turned and rushed down stairs, calling out to some one at the bottom to go and fetch a doctor. The same one was Quickands, who, in night attire and candle in hand, was asking what was the matter.

"As if that made the least difference to him."

"Oh, but it did! I dare say he liked you all that—we all did—but Fletcher couldn't really love a woman."

"Captain Quickett?"

"Well, it's true. How could I speak against the dead if it wasn't important to the living? Do you know that he was so deeply pledged—I mean that he had signed away such a heap of your money that your refusal bowled him over?"

"That is why I am listening to you."

"You are wrong again. You ought to eat me for it; you really ought. I have had it on my conscience, which isn't usually over squamish. I really didn't be poor Fletcher would take to you, but you see you had that—beg your pardon, that fortune."

"As if that made the least difference to him."

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THE GROWTH OF OHIO'S DAIRY INDUSTRY.

An Abstract of an Address Delivered Before the School of Agriculture of the Ohio State University, by John Gould, Aurora Station, Ohio.

Dairying in Ohio is an industry co-existent with the state itself.

The early immigrant from thrifty New England to the Western Reserve, comprehending the full magnitude of the struggle for supremacy that must ensue in subduing the forests, and wisely seeing that it must have other sources of support than the meager supplies of the forest, saw that the cow would be a most valuable aid, and would, in more ways than one, contribute to the support of himself and family, and so to the trail of the emigrant's wagon the family cow was harnessed, and on those long days of pilgrimage, the six weeks of marching and camping, this cow was a source of blessing to the weary children, for a creature of beneficence as she has ever been, she gave back all possible of the food of support that was afforded her, in milk, and later on in the privations of life in the wild forest. More than this, I have heard the old settlers tell of the patient sow that in that long journey to the west, pulled in the yoke with an ox and furnished some milk for the family besides.

In this way the Western Reserve of Ohio soon became to have small stocks of cattle, and on the farm where I passed my early years, it was told to me by the pioneer who preceded my father, that as early as 1806 he had several cows, so that his wife made some butter and even little cheese. These cows, as did all others, ran in the woods with out let or hindrance, and it was the duty of the children to find the cows at night, and long searches was the result, and trained ears listened for the tinkling of the bells that told where the cows had wandered, and occasionally the little herdsmen became lost themselves, and the settlement had to turn out to find them, as well as the wandering kine. So in a few years the Western Reserve and Central Ohio became to possess little herds of cows, and butter and cheese came to be made for food.

Money there was none, and so the maker of wooden plows, shoes, the blacksmith etc., took dairy produce in exchange, and by 1808 dairy produce was quite a factor in barter, and as we shall soon see, began to look for an outlet. The pioneer's cow had no recorded pedigree, but she was a thoroughbred in unknown breeding. She scouted solid colors, and names gleaned from mythology. Neither did she demand luxurious quarters, or balanced rations, beyond swamp hay and beach browse. And more, she would not have known albuminoids from carbohydrates if shown to her in separate dishes. In summer she sought her food in the wood and in the winter beyond a scanty store of hay, she daily went to the woods with her owner, and cropped the tender twigs from the trees as they fell before the swiftly falling blows of the ax, and later on in the spring the children told that "Old Brock" had found a little red calf in a brush pile down in the slough. If this little brush waif was a heifer, it was raised to augment the dairy, if of opposite sex it had two destinies, to grow into a veal for food or being raised for oxen, and with head in yoke aid the settler in rolling together the log piles, and clearing the fields, and so the cow helped to solve the economies of the pioneer farmer, quite as satisfactory as the land tenures of Henry George.

So matters went on until the year 1811, when the question of a market for the surplus was solved, by Deacon David Hudson, of what is now Hudson, Summit Co., who took a load of butter and cheese to the then important city of Pittsburgh, and exchanged it for articles of necessity. The produce was not transported by easy or cheap methods; but with an ox team through the woods and over the hills twenty-five miles distant, a case of a freight rate, of all the traffic would bear. There is no record of what the board of trade prices were, but a precedent was established that has worked a great disadvantage to thousands of Ohio ladies, trading good butter and cheese for groceries, a thing ever after that has always enabled the merchant to buy butter at the minimum price, and sell his produce in exchange at the extreme retail quotations.

One little incident may be quoted: In 1814 Moses Egglestan, who was the original settler of the farm which was afterwards the speaker's home, decided to build a frame house, and nails and glass were needed, so, taking a load of butter and cheese to Pittsburgh, he exchanged them pound for pound for nails, hand-made, of course, and good ones too, as the speaker who tore down the old house in 1879, can testify. A pound of butter now buys about sixteen pounds of nails.

For several years there was little trade in cheese and butter outside of the local consumption, but in the year 1819 an incident happened that had a most important bearing on the dairy industry of Ohio, and put gold dollars in the pockets of the farmer dairymen, and gave the farmers of northern Ohio an advantage that made that part of the state a sort of Mecca for new comers, and in progress and education made the reserve, for a long time almost a distinct province, so to speak.

Harvey Baldwin, a boy less than twenty years left home to seek a life on the ocean wave, and went to New Orleans on foot, to find a ship that might possibly go to South America and China. On the markets there he saw English cheese selling for a dollar a pound in gold. At home he could buy it for two cents. The sight decided him. He would become a cheese merchant and not a sailor. Without a dollar in his pocket he returned to Aurora on foot, some 1,700 miles. The story he told was almost too good to be true, but he bought on credit two and a half tons of cheese at five cents, to be delivered in Beaver, Pa., on the Ohio river one hundred miles distant. There he

again bought on credit a small flat boat, and when loaded he took up the steering oar, headed his boat down the stream in quest of New Orleans and fortune. At the falls of the Ohio river he was detained for some reason, and so he undertook the task of educating the people of Louisville to eat cheese, and with so much success, that they soon consumed the cargo, and selling his boat he again floated it home, paid in gold for the cheese, and bought five tons more and traded it out along the river towns as far as Natchez, and it was not for ten years afterward that he sold cheese in New Orleans. This man kept up this river trade until 1841, when the federals arrested him for running supplies to the confederates, and when released on proof of loyalty, it was only to find himself in the clutches of the confederates a few days later, and this time to be confiscated for sure, and without even a voucher that it was excellent material for an armament. On these earlier trips he took with him crews of his town boys, and these in turn soon became rival merchants, and soon Ohio cheese was known from Buffalo to the gulf.

It would be quite impossible to follow in detail the development of this new dairy commerce, but in 1820 Calvin and Charles Harmon, two farmer boys, began to buy and ship cheese, and in 1835 made a bold stroke for the trade of the northwest, then little better than Indian territory. That year Charles Harmon took five tons of cheese on a schooner and went round the lakes to Ft. Dearborn, now Chicago, to sell the Indians, who were paid their annuities at a certain time, but when at last he reached the St. Marys river, now the harbor of a city that almost equals New York, the Indians had gone, so he went back to Milwaukee, then a city of thirty-seven voters, took his cheese ashore, and as there was no place to store it, he bought some lumber and shingles and built the first frame and shingled building in the now famous city of Milwaukee. But the sales were slow, and when they stopped altogether he would take a cheese under his arm and sell it out in pound and even smaller lots. But he won in the end, and for years he sold his cheese all over the west, and even so far as Australia, on the other side of the world.

In 1839 this man took three tons of cheese down the Ohio to Cincinnati, and putting it onto a big wagon with four horses, crossed the state of Kentucky and on to Nashville, being the first man to sell cheese in that town, and for years afterward maintained that trade, and it may not be amiss to say that man is yet alive and hearty at eighty-five, still buying and selling cheese in car-load lots and as keen as ever to scent a good market.

NOTES ON EARLY STRAWBERRIES.

Some New and Desirable Varieties.

Among the many varieties of strawberries that are now being tested by the horticultural department of the Ohio State University, there is considerable difference in time of maturity.

The earliest to ripen this year was the Correll. This variety originated in New Jersey some years ago, but has never become popular. It lacks thrift and vigor in growth of plant, and usually sets more fruit than it can bring to a satisfactory degree of perfection.

Like some other varieties, however, it responds to good culture and can be recommended for its earliness.

Following this comes Michel's Early. This is generally considered one of the earliest strawberries now in cultivation. It is a vigorous growing variety, with perfect flowers, and bears large, firm fruit of good flavor. Despite its earliness, it is scarcely productive enough on our grounds to make it a profitable variety. As a general rule it appears to do better in the south and west than in the north and east.

Hart's Eclipse gives promise of being one of the good early varieties on our grounds. It is healthy and productive. The fruit is good size, moderately firm and attractive in appearance. For a near and fancy market it is likely to prove one of the most profitable varieties.

Bede Wood is an other valuable early market sort. It is a strong vigorous grower, and extremely productive. The berries are large, well formed, of fairly good color and moderately firm.

The Dayton has not proved as early with us as it is on the ground of the originator in Montgomery county. Here it ripens with the Crescent. Further trial will be necessary before the exact rank of this variety can be determined. It is a strong, vigorous grower with perfect flavor; berries good size and fine flavor.

Among the older varieties still largely grown, and ranking as early is the Crescent.

While the main crop of the Crescent does not ripen as early as the main crop of some of the varieties named above, some ripe berries will be found at an early date. These are usually large, of bright scarlet color, and present an attractive appearance.

The question is frequently asked "which is the best strawberry?" Experience has shown that no one variety can be called best. Choice of varieties will be governed by character of soil, whether for home use or market, and whether you desire early or late fruit.

There are certain varieties of strawberries that can be grown with a fair degree of success in nearly every section of the country, in almost every variety of soil, and under various methods of culture. For the inexperienced such "all around general purpose berries" are perhaps the best. The skilled grower, however, will make a judicious selection, choosing those varieties that are particularly suited to his soil, climate, market and methods of culture.—William B. Lazenby, Columbus.

Probably a New Comet.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 8.—Director Holden of the Lick observatory telegraphed that photographs were taken showing objects like a comet on the sun's face.

A Provision.

This is the time of year when we get out our trunks and don Our last year's flannel suits—that is, If we can get them on—Clothes and Furniture.

—Arkansas Traveler.

A DAY FOR BRITISH.

Secretary Barclay Has Arranged a Big Celebration.

WANTS IRISH TO PARTICIPATE.

It Will Brook No Interference From the Royal Commission—Louisiana to Celebrate Thursday—Gilmore's Band Makes Its Debut—Plenty of Music.

CHICAGO, Aug. 8.—When Secretary Barclay of the committee that is arranging for the celebration of British day at the World's fair read in the cable dispatches that the royal commission had given orders to abandon the scheme he was aroused. He said the commission had no voice in the matter—it was being arranged by local societies. As to the story that Irishmen threatened to get up an anti-English



EXHIBIT OF ARMOR. AUSTRIA SECTION LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

demonstration on the same day, Aug. 19. Mr. Barclay laughed at it. He expressed the hope that Irishmen would take part in the celebration. An extensive programme is being arranged. There will be a parade downtown to start with, it being promised that every country of the British empire now represented in Chicago will have men in line. Captain Gordon, the commanding officer of the British troops now stationed at the stock pavilion in the World's fair, will be the chief marshal of the day.

Louisiana will have a day at the fair Thursday, and Louisiana people will try to make a memorable day. The sons and daughters of Louisiana have begun to arrive in Chicago. Governor Foster and staff and two detachments of state militia are here.

Gilmor's band made its debut at the exposition and the musicians received a generous greeting. Their work justified the applause bestowed at the end of each number. The band today inaugurated a series of concerts in manufacturing buildings. The exposition bands will also play in other buildings to attract visitors and enliven the various sections. There are now the Exposition orchestra, conducted by Theodore Thomas; the Cincinnati band, the Chicago band, the Associated American Exhibitors' band and Gilmor's band playing regularly at the fair.

A Reservoir Bursts.

PORTELAND, Me., Aug. 8.—The great reservoir of the Portland Water company burst, letting loose 20,000,000 gallons of water in about 15 minutes. The flood destroyed two houses and the following were destroyed: Mrs. Dennis Conley, Miss Agnes Conley, Miss Mamie Conley and James Mosley. The Conleys could have escaped, but when they saw the water dashing against their home they retreated inside, closed the door and were never seen again. Mosley, who went to their rescue, was drowned.

Business Prospering in Fall River.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Aug. 8.—The quarterly reports from the corporations in the city show that the business has been in a prosperous condition. Thirty-one corporations, representing \$18,740,000 in capital stock, have paid out in dividends \$211,750, an average of 2.10 per cent. Most of the mills having large contracts completed them before August and it has since been impossible to renew them at advantageous figures.

Casualties on the Coast.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 8.—Thomas Russell, aged 19, of this city, and Edward Shaw of Camden, N. J., were drowned off League Island by their boats capsizing. The yacht Annie May, with a pleasure party of eight aboard, capsized at Atlantic City during the gale. All of the occupants were rescued except Thomas Sherlin of Philadelphia. He is supposed to have been drowned.

Sold to a New Yorker.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Aug. 8.—The Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs property, which consists of 8,000 acres of land, a hotel and a number of cottages, has been sold to R. T. Williams, a wealthy New York banker, for \$80,000. The property has been in litigation for a number of years.

A Missouri Bank Failure.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Aug. 8.—The Greene County bank, the oldest in the county, has failed. Liabilities, \$137,241; assets, \$252,351. There is some excitement, but no other bank seems to be involved.

A New York Assignment.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—Charles A. Brockway & Co., retail dealers at 39 and 41 West Twenty-third street, have assigned to Francis A. Hall with preferences aggregating \$6,000.

Bank Closes Its Doors.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—Comptroller Eckels is informed that the National Bank of Sturgis, Mich., capital \$55,000, has closed its doors. Bank Examiner Caldwell has been placed in charge.

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—Arkansas Traveler.

DOCTORS & SOBEYED.

Thus Another Victim Is Added to the Lake Shore Week List.

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 8.—Death has claimed another victim of the Lake Shore wreck. Mr. Ellman, who was so terribly bruised up, was thought to be recovering, and had been ordered by his physician not to partake of any solid food, however, becoming hungry, he managed to get some one to bring him a meal of which he ate heavily and at once became worse and soon died. His home is in Buffalo.

Some Ohio Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—The following fourth-class postmasters were commissioned for Ohio: John Richardson, Constantia, Delaware county; John Dodlett, Conover, Miami county; H. S. Willis, Crooked Tree, Noble county; E. C. Baer, Hattonia, Harrison county; L. H. Bunnell, Monroe, Butler county; Jacob Schutz, Midway, Clark county; John Gruner, Minersville, Meigs county; A. R. Kennedy, Montgomery, Hamilton county; Wash. Nannanak, Moultrie, Columbiana county; G. M. Molenkamp, New Springfield, Mahoning county; J. Brown, North Benton, Mahoning county; Sarah Housefell, Oakland, Clinton county; L. V. Hoyt, Reform, Licking county; H. A. Hall, Tabasco, Clermont county; H. F. Viers, Tranquility, Adams county; M. Delled, Winona, Columbiana county.

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